The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XX.–NO. 11. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1889. WHOLE NO. 999.

COLUMBUS

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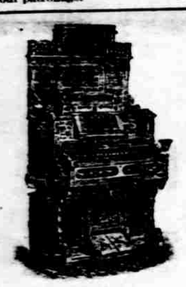

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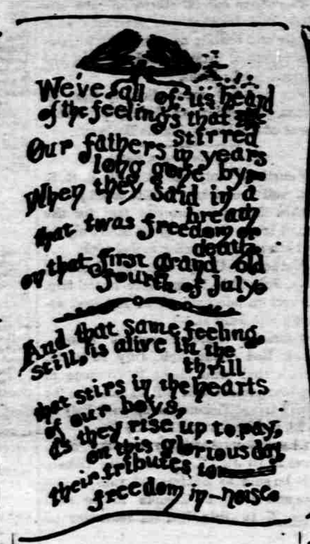

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Independence Day has come;
Squeak the fife and beat the drum!
Let the fattest pig be bled
And quick twist off the rooster's head!
Let the cannons off with vim,
Boom! Tum! Fumbo hum! Diego Bim!

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

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Business took me out to California a couple of years before the Transcontinental railroad was opened, and, after a fortnight in San Francisco, I found it would be necessary for me to go away up toward the northern end of the state to examine some hydraulic mining property, in which parties whom I represented had an interest. Of course, I kept my object to myself and passed for simply a "tenderfoot" vaguely "prospecting around for an opening." Day after day I rode on the box of the stage with the driver, whom I conciliated with burnt offerings and libations—cigars and brandy—and from whom in return I got not a little useful and entertaining information. One afternoon, while we were slowly toiling up the steep slope of a mountain, he remarked:

"There'll be great doin's in Jupiter."

I thought he must be dreaming, though his eyes were wide open and he kept flicking the offwheeler mechanically.

"On the Fourth," he added after a pause.

"Indeed!" I responded, interrogatively, amused and curious as to the course his fancy was taking.

"Yes," he went on, "goin' to have a sham battle; Americans and British; and wind up with a dance. Abner Joyce schemed it all out. People comin' from fifty miles 'round to take a hand in."

I soon found that Si Ransom, the driver, was talking of mundane and not planetary affairs, and that the Jupiter he meant was a little settlement, up among the mountains, started orginally as a mining camp, but now the promising center of an agricultural community. While he was telling me about it we came to a fork in the road and there were two sign boards:

THIS WAY TO HOGBACK,

And

7 MILES TO X.

"Looks funny, don't it?" commented Si, with a grin: "But that was the way Abner Joyce seed fit to put it up. Swore he'd make the ignorant cusses 'bout here learn one planet's sign; an' I guess he did. Even the greasers that come along this way now know that stands for Jupiter."

THE SIGNBOARDS.

I made up my mind that I would stop over and see how a small town with so surprisingly large a name celebrated Independence day.

As a result of somewhat extended observation, I am inclined to think that earnest patriotism—or, perhaps, I had better say intense Americanism—does not flourish so vigorously in the "effete civilization" of the east as in the untrammeled freedom of the west. And you find it more pronounced among the mountains than down in the valleys. Appreciative love for our glorious land grows with knowledge of its grandeur and beauty. And how can they help their hearts swelling with affection for and pride in our country's starry banner, who live close up to where the heavens spread it? But I have never anywhere else found patriotism at quite such a white heat as it was just then in that little California town.

Si took out of the boot of the stage and delivered to the local committee of arrangements several big rolls of red, white and blue flannel, the nearest approximation he had been able to make toward filling their order for bunting which had been intrusted to him. It was a great deal more expensive, so they were perfectly satisfied. Nothing was too good for Fourth of July.

Within an hour after my arrival old Bradley, landlord of the Golden Eagle hotel, where I stopped, had told me all about the arrangements for the celebration and enlisted my co-operation in carrying them out, as he was rather overweighted with the burden of details, Abner Joyce, the originator and moving spirit of the affair; having been inopportunely "taken down with a fever." Joyce, I learned, was an eccentric Yankee, who chose to consider himself the local schoolmaster, and was recognized by everybody. It was quite true that there were, as yet, no children there for him to teach, but he was on the ground and ready to receive them when they should come.

He had announced himself as a schoolmaster when he came there among the earliest arrivals to work a "rocker" on Grizzly Run, and it was at his insistance that the name of Jupiter was given to the camp that had subsequently developed into the town. Everybody liked and respected him, so that his present illness was deeply regretted for his own sake as well as the consequent deprivation of his directing genius suffered by the enthusiastic celebrants. How sick he was may be inferred from an incident that occurred the day before my arrival. Opinions were divided among the committee as to the number of stars that should appear in the field of the flag to be borne by the Continental soldiers in the sham battle, and there was nobody who had a clear idea of how an English

"ARE YOU THE STRANGER WHO IS HELPING BRADLEY?"

flag ought to look. They went to him to decide both questions, and found him in bed, red, glaring and delirious with fever. When they asked him about the stars he howled: "As many as there are in the firmament!" and when they just mentioned the English flag the sulphurous decorations of his speech completely shrouded any information it might have contained.

Having had, like all New Yorkers, far too many opportunities to become familiar with the British flag, through its predominance among the shipping in our harbor, I was enabled to tell them how it was made, and the other matter they had already settled by deciding on thirteen.

We had a great deal of difficulty in getting a British army. There were in all 137 men enrolled for service, and they all wanted to be in the patriot forces. Yet it was fully recognized that there ought to be a larger British than American army in order that the final victory of the latter should appear in properly bright and historically correct colors. Bradley finally settled the matter in an autocratic fashion, that was reluctantly accepted by all. He wrote the word "British" on eighty slips of paper, "Continentals" on fifteen and "Patriots" on forty-two. Then he chucked them all together into a powder bag, shook them up and made each man draw an assignment of place in the coming strife, from which allotment by chance no appeal was allowed. The respective forces elected their own officers.

"Are the blank cartridges made?" I innocently asked Bradley.

"Blank nothin'," he replied, with evident surprise at such a question; "the boys all use fixed ammunition and it would be no end of trouble to change it."

"But," I remonstrated, "it will be terribly dangerous to have all those fellows pumping lead out in the excitement of even a sham battle."

"Well," he responded with calm indifference, "some accidents may happen, but if they do, why, they'll only make the racket seem more natural like and give an air of earnestness to the exhilaration."

"At the expense of human life."

"No fellow ever gets killed without his time has come; and if it has, a bean dropping off a shelf will do him up just as fine as a cannon ball could."

Notwithstanding his fatalistic philosophy I did succeed in getting him to promise that he would request, and even urge, the men to shoot up in the air, "though," he remarked, "I've no doubt some of them may, in the excitement, forget themselves and taking aim, just from force of habit, unthinkingly and innocently plug a friend and neighbor."

An Irishman named Michael Garrity came in from a prospecting tour the evening of the 3d, and was wild with eagerness to be enlisted in the patriot army, but even Bradley thought he was "too excitable to be permitted to mix in the proceedings if the health of others was any consideration." By dint of great persuasion Michael was induced to forego the pleasure of "taking a pop at even a sham Englishman," and to lend his invaluable aid in certain work Bradley and I had cut out for us as soon as the tide of battle should have swept through the town. When that was satisfactorily settled I started out for a stroll.

* * *

Just outside the town a young woman entering the road from a steep mountain path entitled me, demanding:

"Are you the stranger who is helping Bradley get up the fight to-morrow?"

I admitted that I was doing what I could in that direction, and, although I said nothing of the sort, I could not help thinking what a superb Goddess of Liberty she would make in an allegorical tableau if we had time to arrange such a thing. She had a magnificent Juno like form, fine regular features, full of expression, and a natural grace of movement and attitude worthy of a goddess.

"I am glad that I met you without having to send after you to the hotel, as I expected I would have to," she said.

I was so much surprised that I could only stammer some stupid nonsense about either way being good enough for me, which she of course took no notice of and went on:

"There is something I wanted to speak to you about—something you must attend to. Two young men have, as I happen to know, agreed to make the sham fight to-morrow the cover for a deadly duel, in earnest, between them. Chance has helped them by putting one on the American and the other on the British side, just as they hoped for. While others will be banging away in the air, just to make a noise, they will be aiming to kill each other. You must find some way to prevent it."

"Is it not possible that you may be mistaken? How do you know that they entertain any such purpose?"

Her handsome face flushed deeply as she replied, with a little embarrassment:

"Each has been to see me, for what he knew might be the last time, and though neither betrayed the purpose in words, I was conscious of it."

I comprehended. They were rivals for her love, a prize well worth risking life for in the estimation of such fearless and resolute young men as abounded in that country. I could do no less than promise that I would do what I could to prevent the carrying out of their deadly purpose; but really I did not suppose that anything I could say would have the slightest effect in influencing them. She told me who they were, and when I got back to the hotel I found them both there, in the bar room, drinking and talking together in the friendliest fashion possible, to all outward seeming. Surely, I thought, the girl is mistaken. Still, as I had promised her that I would speak to them, I did so, having first learned from Bradley, who pointed them out to me, that they were, as they appeared to be, friends. They walked off a little to one side with me at my request, and I said lightly, feeling that my task was much easier than I had anticipated it would be:

WE SAUNTERED BACK TO THE BAR.

"I am glad to see that you two are friends, as from something I have heard I rather fancied that such might not be the case."

They both eyed me very sharply for a minute of very uncomfortable silence, and then the one whose name I had been told was Jim asked, with that intonation of studiously punctilious politeness which one soon learns to understand as a very dangerous symptom in a western dialogue:

"May I be permitted to inquire what has given rise to such a supposition?"

"Why, certainly," I replied, a little uneasily; "I had been told that you actually contemplated a duel to-morrow."

"Ah!" exclaimed the one known as Bill, in a tone of surprise, and then he continued, in a tone so obsequiously courteous that it had a sort of blood curdling effect, "Excuse me, but may I venture to ask who has told you so?"

Manifestly delay in explicit explanation would be likely to eventuate speedily in trouble, and I answered promptly:

"A very beautiful young woman, well known to both of you, who, deeming that by so doing she might save a brave man's life, asked me to speak to you and remonstrate with you against what her woman's intuition caused her to fear was your joint purpose."

They looked at each other with expressions that seemed to my each to the other, "He is not to blame," and then Bill said with a smile:

"That's all right. But there is no occasion for you to mix up in this affair. Jim and I are friends, however things turn out, and we know what we're about, don't we, Jim?"

"Cert," assented Jim curtly, adding to me, "There ain't any hard feelings between Bill and me, stranger, but we've just laid out to shoot this match off in a way that will settle it without Mary getting talked about. And she won't be, for nobody will be any the wiser about it if you keep your head shut, which I would if I were you, for it ain't likely we'll both be wiped out."

I realized that although it was not offensively uttered there was in his words a dazzled threat of unpleasant consequences if I did not keep silence. That, I think, would not have deterred me from speaking if by so doing I could have accomplished anything, but I well knew that I could not. Their minds were made up. If the whole community had known what they purposed, nobody would have thought it his business to interfere.

If the ownership of a mining claim had been at issue they would probably have tossed a "double eagle" or "cut the cards" to decide it. But the stake here was, in the eyes of both, worth more than all the mining claims in the mountains, and they made their game one worthy of its dignity—life or death, for love.

We sauntered back to the bar and took a drink together. As I raised my glass I bowed slightly to each and said, "Whichever." They looked at each other, smiled, touched their glasses, repeated "Whichever," and drank. They understood me. We had drank to the health of whichever one should have the luck to come out alive.

The sun arose brilliantly on the morning of the Fourth, and the people of Jupiter, who had got up long before him, were full of the excited bustle of final preparation of details. It was Abner Joyce's day for a chill, but he had himself helped out and perched up where he could overlook a good share of the proceedings, hoping to get some satisfaction out of them before the fever struck him and made him delirious.

About 11 o'clock in the forenoon, dropping shots in the canyon away up to the northeast told that the skirmishers of the British line were advancing and the very small Continental guard falling back before them. Soon the latter were driven through the town in full retreat, pursued by the victorious British, whose red flannel blouses and red flannel covered hats made quite an imposing show. The Continental uniforms were simply white flannel facings pinned on the jackets, and floured hats cocked up to three pointed shape with pins. As the British went through the town they fired a log house, stuffed with pine tops and other combustible material, that had been constructed for the purpose. The rapid discharges of the guns, the shouts of the men and the thick, black smoke from the burning house blown across the scene, gave a startling realism to the mimic battle. From all directions then came the patriot volunteers, supposedly called by the sounds of strife from their peaceful avocations, to defend their homes from the ruthless invaders. Out of town they, too, swept, firing and yelling, in pursuit of the British, and among them went Abner Joyce, who had forgotten that he was sick. The explosion of a lot of dynamite cartridges planted in stumps added the effect of cannon to the uproar.

ABNER JOYCE IN THE PART OF WASHINGTON.

As soon as the battle had moved on Bradley, Garrity and myself set to work hoisting a triumphal arch of light poles covered with red, white and blue flannel streamers and trimmed with evergreens that had been prepared in advance and ingeniously rigged with hoisting tackle so that we three could handle it. Then we ran up an enormous American flag on the tall liberty pole before the hotel, and the strong mountain breeze spread out its glorious stars and stripes as stiff as a board. Hardly were our labors completed when the sound of a drum and fife, coming from the west, heralded the approach of the patriot forces and their prisoners, the British, who had, according to the programme, surrendered at a point half a mile out of town.

At the foot of the liberty pole the little procession halted and the English colonel, speaking for his men, gave fitting expression to their penitence for having borne arms against a people who were striving to be free, and announced their readiness to forthwith and forever repudiate allegiance to the king of England, if the Continental army would accept them as recruits. Abner Joyce—whose excitement, exertions and an opportune pull at somebody's flask had quite broken his chill—had leaped into the part of Gen. Washington, for which he had originally been "cast," and, in response to the English colonel, made such an Independence day oration as raised his hearers to the wildest enthusiasm of patriotic delight. Then the two armies mingled fraternally; the English flag was raised half mast high, union jack down; an effigy of Benedict Arnold was hanged and then consumed in the still smoldering embers of the burned house, and the proceedings wound up with a feast and a dance that lasted all night.

Much to my surprise only one casualty was reported. My quondam friend Jim had had his right arm pierced by a bullet. The wound was a very severe one, but not dangerous, and he had the nerve to show himself for a little while at the dance, but he was very pale, silent and distraught, so much so that it was remarked by some that he "seemed strangely broke up, just for a little thing like that." I knew what they did not, that the ache in his heart prevented his feeling the hurt of his arm. He danced once with Mary. Then he went away, giving his left hand to Bill, who stood by the door as he passed out.

The next morning when I took the stage to continue my journey I found that Jim was a fellow passenger. His right arm was done up in splints and tied to his breast.

"Going away," he said to me, with a sad smile.

Manfully accepting the fortunes of war, he was going, never to return.

Civil Liberty Well Defined.

This is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.—John Milton.

OLD TIME PATRIOTISM.

A WESTERN CELEBRATION OF 1849-50.

Points That May Be of Some Interest to the Youngsters of Today, and Will Surely Please the Old Heads, Especially in the West.

TALK about your brass bands and railroad excursions on Independence day, your wonderful modern fireworks and displays of veterans—what are they to the good old fashioned Fourth of July celebrations which prevailed in the '40s and '50s, especially in the Mississippi Valley states? Of course there is more style now, and as the late war was a big one, there are many more veterans to show; but for genuine fun, wholesouled good fellowship and upright and downright patriotism, they cannot come up to the old timers in the villages and county seats of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois and other states which then had few railroads or none. We have in mind one such village in what was then the comparatively new west—a county town of perhaps 800 people—so let its Fourth of July represent all the rest.

First thing on the programme was the big anvils. They served in place of cannon. They had been well loaded the night before, one on the other, the upper reversed, so as to bring the two square recesses together and make a box, which was filled with powder. When the appointed sentinels saw the first blush of dawn they applied the "match:" there was an explosion that threw the upper anvil in the air and a concussion that rattled every window. Then every church bell and the court house bell were turned loose and rung joyously and long, while at intervals, as fast as the "gunners" could load their anvils, came the stunning boom, till the number of shots was that of the states then in the Union.

About half past 10 the "marshal of the day" appeared, on the biggest and shiniest horse he could borrow, and three or four aids around him—all wearing some patriotic regalia—and the procession was formed, generally starting at the court house door or thereabouts. First were the "survivors," if any could be got. They were veterans of the war of 1812-15; but the people cut the title down to one word. The Mexican war soldiers were not often called out as a squad; but the "survivors" had the best carriage and rode in front. Then the "orator of the day," in an open buggy with the most distinguished citizen. Next a few vehicles full of old settlers, and after them all sorts of companies, with any sort of likeness to military order. It was very common for a "light horse company" to organize early in the spring and drill two or three times per week till the Fourth, by which time they could actually keep their horses in line and go through some simple maneuvers. But as a rule, when the salute was fired, every horse "jumped on his own hook" for a few minutes; and if, as often happened, some bold cavalryman took a tumble, leaving his warlike steed to gallop for home, the delight of the boys was unbounded. Behind the companies came the masses, in ranks of four; and generally in this part of the procession was the "long bedded wagon" with misses dressed in white, each wearing a broad blue ribbon, marked in red or yellow with the name of the state she represented. The Jehu who could drive three span of horses to this wagon and make all the turns right was the hero of the hour.

This patriotic procession moved to General or Colonel Somebody's grove; the "survivors," marshals and committee took the stand; the militia were ranked around it; the rest of the multitude seated themselves, and the "Exercises of the Day" began.

First was a roaring blast from all the fifes and drums that could be mustered: and the old fellow who had "fifed in the war" was always called on to show what he could do. As he generally had no teeth, and barely wind enough to walk slowly, his performance was a trifle weak: but it was uproariously applauded all the same. Then the selected young ladies sang a patriotic song; and if, as sometimes happened, there was one who really could sing the "Star Spangled Banner," the popular enthusiasm reached its highest pitch. Then "Our young fellow citizen, Mr. ——." was introduced to read the Declaration of Independence; and the young lawyer, or school teacher, or ambitious politician who could do this effectively scored an important point. Then a little more music, and then the orator of the day.

About 1 o'clock the trumpet blew and then the people fell on the barbecue. "Six sheep and an ox" had been roasted the day before in a vast log fire—sometimes they were not taken from the "jacks" till the meeting began—and as for bread and butter, cheese and pickles, there was a general contribution and more than enough. After dinner the ambitious local speakers were successively called and made short speeches if the humor seized them; but the people wandered at will, and the last speaker often quit short for want of an audience. Sometimes there was a dance in the grove; oftener a grand foot race, wrestling matches or an impromptu horse race. By this time the town drunkard—every town had one—was pretty far gone, and there was at least one "real good fight." If it was anything like a fair fight, no one was arrested or fined. At night there was a big bonfire on the square. And so the people went to bed skin full of patriotism, and wondering how British and Frenchmen could live without freedom and a Fourth of July.

J. H. BEADLE.

It has been frequently stated that steam is driving sailing vessels off the seas. It appears that about one-half the tonnage of the world is in vessels propelled by wind, and even in England 45 per cent. of the tonnage is in sailing vessels.

Testimony in a recent suit brought by Harris, of Philadelphia, to obtain wages due him, revealed the fact that he had been employed to make trousers for 99 cents a dozen, or 7½ cents a pair.

Bunnet, but he Got There.

Mr. Showboy (who is very bashful) to Clara's brother Bobby—Here, Bobby, is a quarter. Go and buy some fire crackers. (An interval of fifteen minutes.) Ah, Miss Clara, Bobby has bought the crackers. Gracious, what a popping! Speaking of popping reminds me——

And he pops.

THOSE SLOW BURNING CATTAILS.

LOW down in this hazy area
Of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And spots of all spots—where the brown cattails grew;
Before the Fourth came I
would cut them for drying
And stow them away in my mother's old trunk;
I never can think of them now without crying,
Those bunches of cattails I used up for punk.
Those moss tinted cattails, those slow burning cattails,
Those bunches of cattails I saved up for punk.

One Fourth I remember—how can I forget it?
I went to the barn with my cattails galore;
I took out a fire cracker, lit it and set it,
Right square in the chink of the old stable door;
I sat down and waited—I peacefully waited
And thought I would vex the old dapple mare's spunk;
But somehow her temper I'd much underrated;

She kicked—and I fled from the barn and my punk.
Those moss tinted cattails, those slow burning cattails,
Those fresh lighted cattails I'd saved up for punk.

There are times when life is deprived of all gladness,
When tears of remorse and of shame fill the eye.
I never can think without feeling great sadness
Of that one particular Fourth of July.
I sat on a neighboring hill at safe distance
And watched father's barn as it rapidly shrunk

Beneath the fierce flames with their rapid persistence,
All caused by the cattails I'd saved up for punk.
Those moss tinted cattails, those brown, fluffy cattails,
Those slow burning cattails I'd saved up for punk.

TOM HAMMS

"John's" Object Lesson.

"There is no trouble in teaching a Chinaman a new thing, but the teacher has to be extremely careful in doing so," said Mrs. A. L. Lord, a prominent temperance worker who recently arrived in this city from California. "I have heard many amusing stories told as to how faithfully John carries out instructions, but I may say the most amusing was told me by a lady with whom I stopped a short time ago. The lady had hired a Chinaman, intending to make a cook of him. The Celestial was as apt to learn as any of his brethren, and made himself very useful. A few days after his arrival the lady of the house thought she would learn him how to make cakes, and that end in view bought a few eggs. The Chinaman watched her every motion intently. She broke one egg, but it was 'bad' and she threw it away. The second was healthy and it went into the cup. Then the other directions were carried out, and when the cakes were baked she set the Chinaman to try his hand.

"The lady paid no attention to him, and when done the cakes he baked were as nice as hers. Every day he baked them and they were excellent. On one occasion, several weeks after the Chinaman arrived, the lady entered the kitchen just as the Chinaman started to make the cakes. The Chinaman picked up one egg, broke it, and without the least hesitation threw it out of the window. Before his mistress could interfere the second was broke and put in the cup. 'Why, John, why did you throw that first egg away? It was good.' The Celestial looked solemnly into her face and said, 'Mines do it.' And after inquiry she found he had been doing that every day for three weeks. John was shown the right way and he never gave any more trouble in that line."—Baltimore News.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. PIERRE.

The venerable cathedral of St. Pierre, in Geneva, in which Calvin preached in his day, is to be restored. It is intended to renew the main facade and to finish the tower on the north side, besides altering and embellishing the interior at an expense estimated at 550,000 francs. A company has been formed for the purpose, after the pattern of the one which restored the Minster of Bale.—New York Home Journal.

It is a mistake to paint sin too alluring and attractive. It makes young people want some. As a matter of fact sin is ugly and full of misery and pain, no matter how it may be colored or sugar coated.

"This butter, Mr. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmers' fair," and Seth spat out a taste of the compound and remarked: "Unless the prize was a ships anchor and chain cable, I would think the butter could have carried it off easily."—Grocers' Advocate.

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